A SONG ON STALY.

Italia! how I love thee, both thy brightness and thy

Italiat how I love thee, both thy brightness and thy beauty.

And thy flash of vivid verdue is the shining month of May!

With thy vices all righty awinging.

And thy bilthe birds sweetly singling.

And thy bells of worship ritoring.

In the shining month of May;

With sweet, majestic faces.

Hung around with six ried graces.

In the brightness of the May;

With thy towers that look screedy from their proud cills, throned so queenly.

With broad mantice flaunting g. sealy

In the brightness of the May;

With thy shroud so grandly sweeping.

And thy sins so softly skeeping,

And thy sins so softly skeeping,

And thy fountains freshly leaping.

In the bright face of the day;

With thy names that fill the ages—

Blatesman. "ugers, saints and sages.

And thy whiches with pictured pages

In significent display;

With mighty memories near thee

In strungth to atmosphere thee,

From distant doubt to clear thee

When falls the cloudy day;

With thy years of long probation

For the glorious consummation

To wear the name of Nation

In the brightness of to-day.

Italia, I will love thee in thy grandeur and thy glory,

And thy wealth of appreading beauty in the shining

And thy wealth of apreading beauty in the shining month of May! -- Nacmillan's Magazine.

NEVER SAY DIE!

BY ESSATIC ENSIQUE. 'Tis a world of vexation and trial,
And, though he be sinner or sain's,
One must exercise great self-dent's!
To avoid making grisrous complaint.
There's a motto, I therefore would hand 'em,
Who continually sorrow sud sigh—
In Latin' the 'Nil Desperandum,'
Which in English means—Never say die:

Which in English means - Never say die.
To be ture I have made free translation,
But depair with most people is death
To every neartfeit aspiration.
Ther painfully draws its last breath,
As soon as cold water is thrown on
Our eager desires - and by
Those contemptible croakers, who groan on,
While ambition shouts - "Never say die!"

It was not the doing! for clever
Is he, whose unwavering will
Proves capacity for the endeavor
That triumpha when doubters stand still.
While there siffe, there is hope "is a saying
As true as the sun in the sky—
And we are but proud manhood obeying.
If we pluckily never say—die!

Youkeys Gazette.

A MAN OF NERVE.

While Murat was in Madrid, he was anxious to communicate with Junot in Portugal; but all the roads to London warmed with guerrillas, and with the troops composing Castanos' army.

Murat mentioned his embarrassment

to Baron Strogonoff, the Russiam embassador to Spain.

Russia, it is well known, was at that time not only the ally, but the friend of France. M. De Strogonoff told Murat that it was the easiest thing in the world. "The Russian Admiral Sin-iavin," said he, "is in the port at Lisbon; give me the most intelligent of your Polish lancers; I will dress him up n a Russian uniform, and intrust him with the dispatches for the Admiralall will go well, even if he should be taken prisoner a dozen times between this and Lisbon, for the insurgent army s so anxious to obtain our neutrality that it will be careful not to furnish a pretext for rupture."

Murat was delighted with this in-genious scheme. He asked Kransinski, the commandant of the lancers, to find him a brave and intelligent young man. I'wo days afterward the commandant brought the prince a young man of his corps, for whom he pledged his life; his sian was a noble young name was Leckinski, and he was but true state of the case. eighteen years old.

Murat was moved at seeing so young a man court so imminent a danger; for, he were detected, his doom was sealed. Murat could not help remarking to the Pole the risk he was about to The youth smiled. "Let your imperial highness give me my in-structions," answered he, respectfully, thank his highness for having chosen me from my comrades, for all of them

would have courted this distinction," The prince argued favorably from the young man's modest resolution. The Russian embassador gave him his dispatches, he put on a Russian uniform, and set out for Portugal.

The first two days passed over, quietly, but on the afternoon of the Leckinski was surrounded by a body of Spaniards, who disarmed him, and dragged him before the commanding officer. Luckily for the gallant is not a Frenchman " youth, it was Castanos himself.

Leckinski was aware that he was lost if he were discovered to be a Frenchman, consequently be determined, on the instant, not to let a single word of French escape him and to speak Russian and German, which he did with equal fluency. The cries of rage of his captors announced the fate which awaited him, and the borrible murder of General Reue, who had perished in the most dreadful tortures but a few weeks before, as he was going to join

"Who are you?" said Castanos, in French, which language he spoke per-fectly well, having been educated in

Leckinski looked at the questioner made a sign, and answered in German:
"I do not understand you."

Castanes spoke German, but he not wish to appear personally in the matter, and summoned one of the offi-cers of his staff, who went on with the examination. The young Pole an-swered in Russian or German, but never let a syllable of French escape him. He might, however, easily have forgot-ten himself, surrounded as he was by a crowd eager for his blood, and who waited with savage impatience to have him declared guilty, that is, a French-mon, to fall upon him and murder him.

But their fury was raised to a height which the general himself could not control, by an incident which seemed to cut off the unhappy prisoner from every hope of escape. One of Castanos's aid-de-camps, one of the fanatical patriots, who were so numerous in this war, and who from the first had denounced Leckinski as a French spy burst into the room, dragging with him a man wearing the brown jacket, tall hat, and red plume of a Spanish peasant. The officer confronted him with the

Pole, and said: Look at this man, and then say, if it is true that he is a German or Russian. He is a spy, I swear by my soul."

The peasant, meanwhile, was eying the prisoner closely. Presently his dark eyes lighted up with the fire of hatred.

"Es France, he is a Frenchman!" exclaimed he, clapping his hands. And he stated that having been in Madrid a few weeks before, he had been put in requisition to carry forage to the French harrack; "and," said he, "I recollect that this man took my load of forage, and he gave me a receipt. I was near him an hour, and recollect him. When

forage to."

This was correct. Castanos probably discerned the true state of the case, but he was a generous foe. He proposed to let him pursue his journey, for Leckinski still insisted he was a Russian, and he could not be made to understand a word of French. But the moment he ventured a hint of that kind, a thousand threatening voices were raised. sand threatening voices were raised against him, and he saw that clemency

was impossible.
"But," said he, "will you then risk quarrel with Russia, whose neutrality we are so anxiously asking for?" "No," said the officer, "but let us

try this man." Leckinski understood all, for he was equainted with Spanish. He was renoved and thrown into a room worthy to have been one of the dungeous of the

inquisition in its worst days.

When the Spaniards took him prisoner he had caten nothing since the previous evening, and when his dungeon door was closed on him he had fasted eighteen hours; no wonder, then, what with exhaustion, fatigue, anxiety, and the agony of his dreadful situation, that the unhappy prisoner fell almost sense-less on his hard couch. Night soon closed in and left him to realize, in his gloom, the full horror of his hopeless situation. He was brave, of course but to die at eighteen—so suddenly!
But youth and fatigue finally yielded to
the approach of sleep, and he was soon
buried in profound slumber.

He had slept perhaps two hours, when the door of his dungeon opened slowly, and some one entered with cautious steps, hiding with his hand the light of a lamp; the visitor bent over the pris-oner's couch, the hand that shaded the lamp touched him on the shoulder, and a sweet and silvery voice, a woman's voice, asked him:

"Do you want to eat?" The young Pole, awakened suddenly by the glare of the lamp, by the touch and words of the female, rose up on his couch and, with his eyes only half opened, said in German, "What do you

"Give the man something to eat at once," said Castanos, when he heard the result of the first experiment, "and let him go. He is not a Frenchman. How could be have been so far master of himself? The thing is impossible." But though Leckinski was supplied

with food he was detained a prisoner.
The next morning he was taken to a spot where he could see the mutilated corpse of the Frenchman, who had been cruelly massacred by the peasantry of Truxillo, and he was threatened with the same death. But the noble youth had promised not to fail, and not a word, not an accent, not a gesture or

look betrayed him. Leckinski, when taken back to the prison, hailed it with a shout of joy; for twelve hours he had nothing but gibbets and death, in its most horrid forms, before his eyes, exhibited to him by men with the looks and the passions of demons. He slept, however, after the harrassing excitement of the day, and soundly, too; when in the midst of his deep and death-like slumbers, the door opened gently, some one drew near his ouch, and the same voice whispered in his ear:

"Arise and come with me. We wish And the brave young man hastily awakened by the words, "We wish to save your life, come," answered still in German, "What do you want?"

Castanos, when he heard of this experiment and its result, said the Russian was a noble young man; he saw the

tanos's staff. During the walk, they ut- transformed hairs, arises frequently tered most horrible threats against him; but true to his determination, he pretended not to understand them.

When he came before his judges, he structions," answered he, respectfully, seemed to gather what was going on and I will give a good account of the from the arrangements of the tribunal. mission I have been honored with. I and not from what he heard said around him, and he asked in German where his interpreter was. He was sent for, and the examinatson commenced. It turned at first upon the motive of his journey from Madrid to Lisbon. He answered by showing his dispatches of Admiral Siniavin and his passport. Spite of the presence and vehement assertions of the peasant, he persisted in the same story, and did not contradict himself once.

"Ask him," said the presiding officer, at last, "if he loves the Spaniards, as he

The interpreter put the question "Certainly," said Leckinski, "I like the Spanish nation; I esteem it for its noble character: I wish our two nations

were friends." "Colonel," said the interpreter to the he despises us, and that his only regret is that he cannot unite the whole nation as one man to end this odious war at a

While he was saying this, the eyes the whole tribunal were attentively watching the slightest movement of the prisoner's countenance, in order to see what effect the interpreter's treachery

would have upon him. But Leckinski had expected to be put to the test in some way, and he was determined to baffle all their attempts.

"Gentlemen," said Castanos, "it seems to me that this young man can not be assumed the pressure must be not be suspected, the peasant must be deceived. The prisoner may pursue his journey, and when he reflects on the peril of our position, he will find the severity we have been obliged to use excusable."

Leckinski's arms and dispatches were returned, he received a free pass, and thus this noble youth came victorious out of the severest trial that the human spirit could be put to.

ETHEL VANE" sends us a poem "Why Does Sweet Slumber Shun My Eyes?" Why? Sit down here, Ethe where we can tickle your rosy ear with the waxed end of a short mustache, while we whisper to you that when a girl scarcely nineteen years old eats an eight o' clock supper of cold tongue, broiled steak, salt mackerel, fried potatoes, doughnuts, cold spple pie, fried eggs, fresh peaches, a slice of water-melon, and one or two cups of coffee, horrified slumber will pack its trunk and climb on the first train that will take it furthest away, and all the poetry in the Baptist college won't bring it back for a week. Don't ask any more such conundrums, Ethel; these are stir-ring, carnest times that thrill with peril ring, earnest times that turns and impending danger, and our lyre is tuned to loftier strains.—Burlington

we caught him, I told my comrade, this is the French officer I delivered my ered Man.

W. J. Jones, who was tarred and feathered by Reno people and then sent out of town on the westward bound train, was in a pitiable condition when he reached Truckee. The Republican says: "We say the victim Thursday night on the overland train. He was in a truly pitiable condition. Coal tar or gas tar had been used, and used freely. This substance blisters (like a mustard plaster. The cuticle will peel off of Mr. Jones just as if he had been boiled. His hair and the wound on his head was filled with tar. The hair stuck out in all directions, or at least a mass of tar stuck out. The sockets of his eyes were level full with solid tar, which seemed to have been poured into them and al-lowed to cool. His whiskers seemed a lowed to cool. His whiskers seemed a large, unhappy mass of tar. His face, neck, and, we are told, his entire body had a thick coating. The vigilantes kindly clothed him before putting him on the train. The sight might have been ludicrous, if it had not been agonizing. The train was nearly three hours in reaching Truckee. The pain endured by the poor fellow was excruciating. Sightless, helpless, coated with a horrid, odoriferous substance, he sat silently, with his head bowed over. Occasionally his fingers would grasp spasmodically at the open air. Sometimes his body would twitch nervously, as if from the pain he endured. Arriving at Truckee Grandiacribed obtained. Everybody who saw the poor wretch pitied him. The very men who performed the deed would have pitied him. Hissufferings were extreme. His eyes were fairly burning up. No one ever heard before of putting tar on a man's face and in his eyes. For six hours two men worked faithfully It is feared the eye balls have been burned and blistered and forever de-

Hair-Eels. In many parts of the country the no tion has long prevailed that if horse-hairs be placed in a brook and left there, they will after a time become endowed with life; in short, that they will turn into hair-eels. Very recently, a corres-pondence on this subject was published in the columns of a prominent Scotch newspaper, between an anonymous writer, and Dr. Andrew Wilson, of the Edinburgh School of Medicine; the former alleging that a friend in Shetland had succeeded in effecting the transfor-mation of hairs into "hair-eels," the latter denying that any such "spontaneous generation" of living beings was possible. The life-history of the Gordius aquaticus, as naturalists name the hair eel, is perfectly well-known. It passes the earlier stages of its existence as a parasite lying coiled up within the body of an insect such as the grass hopper; the worm exceeding its host many times in length. In this condition it is immature, and has no power of reproducing its kind. When mature, it leaves the body of the insect and seeks the water, being found in summer at the breeding-season in thousands in some localities. There the eggs are laid in long strings, and from each is developed a tiny embryo or young Gordius which gains admittance to an insect-host, there to lie quiescent for a time, and soon to repeat the history of his parent.

It is plain that in such a life-history The next morning, early, four men supposition that hair-eels are develous came to take him before a sort of courting an unnatural fashion, and at the there is neither room nor need for the supposition that hair-eels are developed in an unnatural fashion, and at the will The fallacy that hair-eels are from imperfect observation; often from preconceived notions, and from an inaoility to perceive the unnatural nature of the supposition, or to reason out the procedure adopted to procure the haircels. Thus, for instance, it would be an absurd supposition were any one to formed artificially from hairs. It is a perfectly evident truth and a demonstrable fact that they reproduce their kind by means of eggs, and this fact shows us that they possess a natural method of reproduction, and further the statement of any supposed infringement of a natural law should be received with caution and suspicion.

A Beautiful View in Norway. A correspondent of the Boston Trace eller thus describes a day among the Nor-wegian mountains: Of the delight to the eye of this day's travel no words can give expression. Grand with majestic mountains, fir-clad and barren, now so near that they frown down upon our president, "the prisoner says he hates us because we make war like banditti, that he despises us. and that his only regret great masses of white-barked birch trees, everywhere brightening the somber green of the pines and corn stalks, changing scenes we moved slowly through —such is the beautiful valley of the Glommen, which no pencil of artist or pen of writer could ever depict. It is constant pleasure and study. About half-past nine we came in sight of snowpatched mountains, and constantly as cending, they become more numerous, even within walking distance, while below them were the green fields covered with bluebells. Many gardens about the scattered houses were bright with flowers. Again the scene was entirely changed, and the mountains, very distant tant, gave way to beautiful valley views. About noon, after many stops, we were landed for dinner. A most novel fashion prevails; each person wishing to dine secures a seat by tipping the chair against the table, goes, with his plate, knife and fork, to a side table, and helps him or herself to what is desired. We found here salmon, roast beef, potatoes, and a sort of fried sausage, with coffee and wine and beer. I really think it is not a bad idea for saving time. All were thus very quickly served. The dinner cost about fifty cents, and we partook of it without hurry. tant, gave way to beautiful valley views. partook of it without hurry.

"INK can be preserved from mold by putting a clove in the bottle." When Mrs. Spriggins, wife of Spriggins, of the Morning Awakener, read the above, she cried excitedly, "There! now I know what Mr. S. always carries cloves in yest pocket for!" And the good old yest pocket for!" And the good old un-suspecting soul looked as pleased as if she had just heard of a new way of putting up barberries.

Some touching and beautiful super-stitions prevail among the Indian tribea.—Chicago Journal. Yes, and one of them is that the scalp of a white man makes a better show on the wall than an oil painting.—Detroit Free Press.

THE cool season is upon us, and the frugal housekeeper congratulates herself that butter does not age as rapidly as it did a month or two ago.

Capturing Sea-Lions in Alaska.

sea-lion. Here is an island which, in-stead of presenting an almost unbroken line of bold, abrupt cliffs to the sea, like its fellows in the North Pacific, offers to the landing seals a low, though gradually rising ground. Taking advantage of this topography, the natives of St. Paul's Island secure every season hundreds of sea-lions, with but a tithe of the labor and exposure by which their counture is

and exposure by which their capture is

ttended at other places. Eleven mile

Island is a point upon which a large number of sea-lions annually repair for

the purposes of breeding, etc., but as this animal is timid, and sure to take to

water when brought into the presence of man, its capture requires much dis-cretion and boldness on the part of its

ortheast from the village on St. Paul's

captors, who are chosen every season from the village people, with especial reference to their physical qualification for the work. The "sea-richie," as the natives name them, cannot be ap-proached successfully by daylight; so the hunters, ten or twelve in number, rendezvous in a hut near by until a favorable night comes on, when the moon is partially obscured by drifting clouds, and the wind blows in from the rookery. Then they step down to the beach, at was an hour before Dr. R. J. Goss was called and the linseed oil which he prescribed obtained. Everylands he prea small body of men crawling along in Indian file may pass unnoticed by the sea-lion sentries which doubtless in the uncertain light confound the forms of their human enemies with those of seals. When the creeping natives have all reached the strip of beach which is left bare by ebb tide between the water and neutralizing the tar and removing it the unsuspecting animals, at a given from his body. We saw him this morn-signal, the hunters leap at once to their signal, the hunters leap at once to their ing. His eyes were terribly inflamed. It feet, shout, yell, and brandish their arms, is doubtful if he ever recovers his sight. While the astonished and terrified lions It is feared the eye balls have been roar and flounder in all directions. If, at the moment of surprise, the brutes are sleeping with their heads pointed toward the water, they charge straight on in that way, directly over the men; but if their heads have been resting pointed landward, they follow that course just as desperately, and nothing will turn them, at first, either one way or the other. Those who charge for the water are lost, of course, but the natives promptly follow up the land leaders with a rare combination of horrible noises and demoniacal gesticulations until the first frenzied spurt and exer tions of the terrified animals completely exhaust them, and then, panting, gasping, prone upon the earth, they are ex-tended at the mercy of their cunning captors, who gently urge them along up to the hut in which they have been keeping watch during several days past, for the night in which to make this effort. Here the natives have what they call their pen or cage, in which the lionlike seals, as they are captured from night to night, are collected and re-tained until sufficient numbers or a drove of three or four hundred has been secured. This cage is nothing more than a succession of small poles stuck at wide intervals over a circle, in the ground; these poles are decked with fluttering strips of white cotton cloth, and light ropes are loosely stretched from one to the other. Within this flimsy circle the sea-lions are securely imprisoned, and though incessantly watched by two or three men, they scarcely make an effort to escape, but their roaring is almost deafening, while they constantly writhe and twist over and against one another like a handful

Some Old English Admirals. Duncan, lying off the Texel with his

own flagship, the "Venerable," and only one other vessel, heard that the whole Dutch fleet was putting at sea. He told Captain Hotham to anchor alongside of him in the narrowest part of the channel, and fight his vessel till she sank. "I have taken the depth of the water," added he, "and when the Venerable' goes down my flag will still fy." And you observe this is no naked Viking in a prehistoric period, but a Scotch member of Parliament, with a smattering of the classics, a telescope, a cocked hat of great size, with flannel underclothing. In the same spirit Nelson went into Aboukir with six colors flying, so that even if five were shot away it should not be imagined that he had struck. He, too, must needs wear his four stars outside his admiral's his four stars outside his admiral's frock, to be a butt for sharpshooters. "In honor I gained them." he said to objectors, adding, with sublime illogicality, "in honor I will die with them." Captain Douglas, of the "Royal Oak," when the Dutch fired his vessel in the Thames, sent his men ashore, but was burned along with her himself rather than desert his post without orders. Just then, perhaps, the Merry Monarch was chasing a moth round the supper-table with ladies of his court. When Rateigh sailed into Cadiz, and all the forts and ships opened fire on him at once, he scorned to shoot a gun, and made answer with a flourish of insulting trumpet. I like this bravado better than the wisest dispositions, to ensure victory; it comes from the heart and goes to it. God has made nobler heroes, but he never made a finer gentleman than Walter Raleigh. And as our admirals were full of heroic superstitions, and had a strutting and vain-glorious style of fight, so they discovered a startling eagerness for battle, and courted war like a mistress. When the news came to Essex before Cadiz that the attack had been decided, he threw his bat into the see. It is in this threw his hat into the sea. It is in this way that a schoolboy hears of a half-holiday; but this was a bearded man, of great possessions, who had just been allowed to risk his life. Benbow could not lie still in his bunk after he had lost his leg; he must be on deck in a basket to direct and animate the fight.

A Young lady at Frederickton, New Brunswick, had a narrow escape from drowning recently. She fell over a wharf and sunk a third time, and lay on wharf and sunk a third time, and lay on the bottom of the river, when a Mr. Orr put down a pole and fortunately touched her. She describes her sensa-tions as not unpleasant; could distinctly see the people on the wharf and won-dered why they did not assist her; saw the pole coming down, and imagined it of immense size and length; the moment it touched her she grasped it, and says it touched her she grasped it, and says she could have climbed to the moon on it .- Toronto Globe.

THE BREAKFAST TABLE wants a brand new stove-pipe joke, and we want a brand new stove-pipe hat, and guess we shall both know our wants for some time to come, remarks Impecunious Eurique.

Mamma—" We'd bettergo in, darling; it threatens to rain." Harry—" O, then it won't!" Mamma—"Why?" Harry— "Papa always threatens to vip me, but he never does." A Scientific Paradox.

The very remarkable The very remarkable phenomenon of ice and snow forming in the brief space of a few minutes when the temperature indicated eighty-seven degrees Fahrenaeit, and men were working in their shirt eleeves, occurred at the Union Pacific transfer depot last week. Andrew Pacific transfer depot last week. Andrew Rosewater, who was near by, was called by the laborers to witness the strange phenomenon and, if possible, explain it. To his surprise he observed a large portion of the surface of a harrel of gasoline covered with about half an insh of what appeared to be ice and snow. To make sure that he was not deceived he touched it and really found it cold and frosty matter, in a semi-solid it cold and frosty matter, in a semi-solid state, resembling snow in that peculir.r and half-frozen and thawing condition in which the term slush is usually ap plied. He next took a portion to lips, and though cold upon touch, it immediately dissolved into a gaseous vapor, emitting the distasteful odor of kerosene. Mr. Rosewater, who now be-came considerably interested in the phenomenon, scraped off all the forma-tion from the surface. Under it he observed a very fine streak between the staves of the barrel through which, when it was turned downward or partially inclined, the gasoline seemed The men who stood by then informed him that if he would turn the barrel so that it would leak, the for-mation of snow and ice would begin. This he accordingly did, and sure enough instead of seeing the fluid drop steadily upon the floor, it rapidly formed a coating of frozen matter, and in less than five minutes a surface of about eight by six inches was covered with a layer, a quarter of an inch in thickness, of snow and ice. Mr. Rosewater states that the only theory upon which he can explain this phenomenon is that gaso-line, like ether and several other fluids, is of so volatile a nature that upon the slightest exposure it will vaporize. It is a well-known fact that all substances when changing from a solid to a fluid or a fluid to a vapor or gaseou condition consume a certain quantity of beat in so doing. It is thus that the outer surface of the gasoline in dropping forms into vapor, and in so doing rapidly absorbs the heat of the adjoining layer, making it quite cold, and each layer in succession as it evaporates absorbs in turn the heat of the other layers until so much heat has been absorbed that ice and snow are formed. It is thus that a spray of ether steadily poured against a tin cup full of water will, by the ether's rapid evaporation, absorb so much heat from the water within the cup as to freeze it.

It is possible that the phenomenon cited can be explained upon some other theory, and if so we shall be glad to publish it, as a great many who have witnessed it feel an interest in a proper explanation.

Affecting Scene.

[Breakfast Table.] A POLICEMAN was passing down Rich-mond-street last Wednesday afternoon when he heard a woman's voice lifted high in lamentation; opening the wicket he strode up to the door, where a woman was lying prone on the steps, bedewing the rubber foot mat with her briny tears.

"What is the matter, mam?" he said gently. "Ooh, boo, oo-h!" said the stricken

female. "Now, don't take on so," said the club carrier with tremulous gantleness, " tell me what is the matter?"
"Oh I, I'm, a-a-ooh oo-h," and she tell me what is the matter

wept afresh and copiously. "Why, my dear, dear madam," said the officer, "what great sorrow has blighted your life and drove the sunshine from your happy home? Where-fore are you thus cast down into the depths of anguish? Why are the foun-tains of your being broken up, and your beauteous eyes become springs from which the aqueous fluid—

"Get out, you brute!" ooey The sympathetic officer was non-clused. He backed off a step or two, and as his great heart throbbed in sympathy with so much suffering, he could

but make one more effort at comfort.
"Madam," said he, and as he spoke
his voice grew hasky with emotion.
"Madam, I sympathize with you from
the bottom of my heart, and while you do not seem disposed to trust me, yet if there is anything in the round world I can do to lift this serrow from your heart let me do it. I assure you it is no idle curiosity. I would be your friend. I will avenge your wrongs, and the ser-vices of one loyal and true are yours if you will accept them. I would not pry nto that which does not concern me, but I know that some great sorrow is upon you, and gently, tenderly would I raise the pall that hangs about your life, dress the wounds which have opened in your tender heart, and pour the balm of consolation over the—"

He did not notice in his vehemence that the woman had steathily risen, but the had, and launching the foot mat full in his face she said:

"Get out o' this, you mean old blatherskite! You're meaner than that old Guardian in this dime novel, who won't let his neice marry the handsome trapper.
If I want to cry about what I read it's
none o' your business."
Two blocks away the policeman flicked
a bootblack off the sidewalk by the ear,

and muttered:

" If women ain't the curusest built animals in this world; kill me for a

Among the ancient Greeks and Ro-

mans the act of sneezing was regarded as a portent of good or evil, according to circumstences, and was consequently looked on with superstitious awe. Modern science has changed all that, and given a ridiculously simple explanation of the phenomenon, which all can understand, as follows: Sneezing is a phenomenon provoked either by an excitation brought to bear on the masal nucous membrane or by a sudden shock of the sun's rays on the membranes of the eye. This peripheral irritation as a portent of good or evil, according of the eye. This peripheral irritation of the eye. This peripheral irritation is transmitted by the trifacial nerve to the Gasserian ganglion, whence it passes by a commissure to an agglomeration of globules in the medulia oblongata or in the protuberance; from this point by a serious of numerous reflex, and compli-cated acts, it is transformed by the mediation of the spinal cord into a cen-trifugal excitation which radiates out wards by means of the spinal nerves to the expiratory muscles.

They were looking at the fall style of bonnets. Said she, "O! dear, look at that bird in the crown; what a pretty bill!" And because he turned away, wiped his eyes with his handkerchief, and murmured, "I should say it was a pretty bill," she became melancholy, and threatened to leave him, and go home to her mother.

SENATOR HAMLIN has never worn an

Persian brocades and old English and collevel French brocade stuffs are revived

The Sponish mantille of black and white lace is to be worn as a part of the carriage costume properthis winter.

Ore of the new shades in the fancy lushes to be used this winter for bats and onnets is called "Gramoise."

The latest breakfast caps are covered with a small embroidered handkerchief, and trimmed with ribbon bows.

Evening bonnets composed entirely of ostrich feathers on a transparent frame are woog the noveities in millinery. The embroidered handkerchief co over a round mob cap of Brussels net, edged with a frill, are called "creole caps."

Twelve and six button white kid gloves are shown for evening wear, with the small mother of pearl buttons instead of gilt ones. Figured coatings are still in vogue for gentlemen. Fine diagonals are preferred for dress frocks, and powdered surfaces for full dress.

Large circular cloaks are fur-lined and fur-trimmed, and some are given the monas-tic sleeve of the Edward IV period, lined and bordered with fur.

Black velvet side-satchels, embroidered with garden and field flowers in bright colors, but with no change in the classe or chatelains, are seen among the new The Louis XVI gilet has again passed into the realms of fashion, but it is suitable only for tall, stately figures. The fronts are about the length of a cuira se, with a long

princesse back forming a train. Long redingotes of Scotch plaid silk—the blue and green tartan being preferred—are worn over black velvet skirts. The cuffs and collar are also velvet, but otherwise the redingote is without trimming.

Mittens are especially pretty when worn by the fortunate possessors of pretty rings or pretty hands, or both. Those known as the Louis XIII are made of netted black silk, with a deep fringe beading.

Coating is the name of a material resembling homespun. It has a comparatively smooth surface, and is a mixture of three or four dark, rich colors, so perfect y blended as to produce the appearance of one color. The new autumn fabrics are oriental

color and design, and young ladies who wish to be dressed in the very height of the fashion can pay fifty cents a yard for plain gray wool and enrich it with ornamentation of home-made Indian embroidery.

Double vells are coming in with the incoming of fashiocable young ladies. The outer one is of dotted black thread lace or black net dotted with chenille. The interior one is plain white tulle, and the combination of the two is very becoming.

Uncut velvets have made their appearan Uncut velvets have made their appearance—the loops woven in the surface like a Brussels carpet. These loops form a design—square or diamond-shaped—in single colors and all of one shade, such as grsy, mastic, olive-green, wins color, or garnet.

Thick black ruches are fashionably worn around the throat without any intermixture of white. They are made of kilt-plaited thread lace and ruching of crepe lisse, and are not only attached to black dresses, but are worn around the throat as dog-collars.

are worn around the throat as dog collars are worn around the throat as dog collars.

Nice qualities of bunting, either plain or
rough-threaded, like bourrette, make appropriate traveling suits for young ladies.
These look decidedly best when trimmed
with the same, or else narrow braid of the
same color, instead of the gay galloons worn

last vear. last year.

The most stylish and novel bodice is the blouse jacket, with plain yoke and leather belt, and the lavandiere skirt draped across the front and tucked up at the back over a kilted jupon. It is very youthful and very elegant looking when one has a slight and

A Little Girl Attacked by a Bear and Rescued by a Little Heroine.

special dispatch to the Detroit Evening Telegram, dated Adrian, says: The particulars reached here this morning of a terrible affair which occurred near Rome Center, nine miles west of this city, Thursday afternoon. A large tame bear, formerly shown in the saloon of Chris. Eisele, of this city, is kept by one Upton upon the premises of a brother-in-law, named Maltzman. At his little daughter Edna went out with a playmate and commenced to tense the brute. It became savage, seized and threw her down, and began chewing her Upton and a young girl named Ethel Hodges, living in the house, ran out. Upton tried to drive the bear off, but instead of relinquishing his hold the bear ran into his kennel with the little one. The girl picked up a large stone, rushed into the keunel and succeeded in extricating the child from the animal's jaws. Huge pieces of the child's thigh had already sloughed off. An amputation will be attempted to-day, but the surgeon gives little hope of saving her life.

THE oceanic currents, which extend from the equator toward the poles, are very extensive. One can be traced from India around by the Cape of Good Hope, passing by the Gulf of Mexico, along the eastern shores of North America to the coast of Greenland. It is four thousand leagues in length, and takes more than two years to finish its course. They act like all currents of water, whether on a large or small scale, in tearing away the shores along which they pass, and de-positing the particles at the bottom of the ocean. They are probably owing to much the same cause as the trade winds. At the poles, the water is coldest at the surface, and warmer according to its depth; at the equator, the contrary is the case—it is warmest at the surface, and cooler below. The water when heated appears to pass off toward the poles to be cooled, in a great oceanic current on the surface, and probably returns when cooled, by a counter-current at a great denth. at a great depth.

A NEWARK bachelor dropped in the other evening to see a married friend whose wife was absent from home on a whose wife was absent from home on a prolanged visit. He found him smoking desperately at a cigar nearly a foot long. "Why," gasped he breathlessiy, "where on earth did you get such a preposterous cigar as that. Charley?" "Had it built by contract," was the response. "You see," continued the smoker, explanatorily, "I promised my wife before she went away, bless her heart, that I wouldn't smoke more than six cigars a day. Promises to a wife are sacred, you know, and I mean to keep mine if I have to get cigars as long as a lamphave to get cigars as long as a lamp-post."—Newark Call.

THE idea that grass may be preserve The idea that grass may be preserved as well as other vegetable growths, may not be a source of surprise, but in South Africa, at Natal, grass is kept in the moist state for months by being buried in pits, the process being known as "ensibage." A large pit is dug in the ground in a dry situation, and filled with fresh-cut grass, which is packed closely down and covered with a thick layer of soil to exclude the air. Grass thus stored is apparently unchanged in its qualities. Cattle consume it with a vidity and thrive well upon it.

An old Irish soldier who prided him-self upon his bravery, said he had fought in the battle of "Bull Run." When asked if he retreated and made his oscape as others did on that occasion, he replied, "Be jabers, those that didn't run are there yit!"

ANDIAN SUMMER.

il sounds are hushed of xeaping and of mowing; The winds are low; the waters lie menuted; or thistle-down nor goesamer is flowing. So lull'd in languid indolence the world.

and vineyards wide and farms along the valley Are mule amid the vintage and the sheaves, ave round the barns the noise of rour and sally Among the tenant-masons of the caves.

Afar the up and glades are flecked in dappies. By flecks of lambs a gambol from the fold; And orchards bend beneath their weight of app And groves are bright in scarlet and in g. id. But back! I hear the pheamnt's muffled drum

The turil 's murmuring from a distant dell, A draway bee in mazy tangles humming. The far, faint tinkle tenor of a bell. And now, from yender beech-trunk sheer and

The tat-tat of 'he yellow-hammer's bill, the sharp staccato barking of the squirrel, A dropping nut, and all again is still.

WAIFS AND WHIMS.

COFFEE, unlike music, is improved by grinding.

"A MAN of some account"-Th ookkeeper. POTATOES were introduced into and in 1610.

STREETS were first lighted with oil amps in 1762 Mexico had yellow fever before the Cortez invasion.

THE locust sings by fiddling on its ing with its leg. PROTESTANTISM made 1,004 converts in Japan last year.

DWELLINGS will doubtless soon be lighted by electricity. Ir is strange, but true, that a railway brake often prevents a railway smash.

"An early settler"-The first drink in the morning after a lively time overnight. A MAGAZINE where light matter should not be inserted-A powder mag-

BUTLER says: "He laughs best who laughs last." He is in favor of Grinbacks. - Graphic.

In some apparently amiable natures there are unsuspected and unfathomable depths of resentment. "I ACKNOWLEDGE the corn," as the man said when he pulled on a tight

boot .- Oil City Derrick. Ambirion often puts men to the meanest offices, as climbing is done in

the same position as creeping. WE are often more cruelly robbed by those who steal into our nearts than by ONE-HALF of the world don't know

now the other half live-and it is none of their business .- Yonkers Gazette. LIVES of great men all remind us that the average captain never feels insulted by being called colonel.—Turners Falls

WE are often harsh when we feel ourselves strong, and show indulgence only when conscious that we are in need of it ourselves.

An average bedbug (clapdiopteris be-firkebus) will take up more room in a bed than two old maids with a hot brick at their feet. ABOUT three hundred and sixty-seven newspapers will remark that the Afghan-

istan trouble is Ameer trifle .- Philadelphia Bulletin. Colloguy between new acquaintances: "I once sat on the Judge's bench in Texas." "That so! Where was the Judge?"

Do not affect a motive in love. not a question of motive, but of fact. Don't marry to do good. The end won't

sanctify the means. By right education you give to the child a heaven with a polar star that will always guide him in whatever new countries he reaches.

THERE is no mistaking what the sad ea waves are saying now-a-days. It is Vel, if I doont see you again, Hello!" - Rochester Democrat

FRIENDLINESS and smiles act on the heart like spirits of nitre on water-making it colder when it is cold, and warmer when it is warm. THOSE who fear their fever contribu-

tions will be misapplied are at liberty to go South and personally supervise its distribution.—Rochester Express. OUR humanity was given us not that we should mourn over it, or torture it, or pluck it out and cast it into the fire,

but that we should use it wisely. THE water that flows from a spring does not freeze in the coldest winter. And those sentiments of true friendship which flow from the heart, cannot be frozen by adversity.

An old hat that once belonged to Na poleon I, was recently sold for thirty-five dollars, which is a good price, certainly, when we consider that both the Nap. and crown are gone .- Puck. An exchange asks, "Who are the

that have implicit confidence in their fellow-men?" It occurs to us that it is people who eat hash at a strange boardinghouse.—Braaford Breeze. THE boys of America will take com fort and warning in the statement that a man in Lansing, Mich., leaned out of a second-story window to call out to his

son to "quit wading in the gutter this minute and come home and put his shoes on," lost his balance and fell out and broke his back.

While the wesis turn red and ruset,
and the awallow skims the weir,
and the deraier rose of summer
Doth poetic become cheer;
While waiting for the winter winds,
Which through the for at how,
The barber doth bestow a weird
And highly hateful sorw!

Upon the young man who has decided to raise a full beard for the winter.

New York Tork Graphs

THE Germans now sell their wedding outfits at half-cost to the next lucky pair, instead of wearing them out. This same system can be extended to everything but coffins.—Detroit Free Press. It might be extended to that sort of an overcoat. There are plenty of men around here who wear their coffins only at the funeral.—Breakfust Table.

The latest addition to the British Navy is the "Polyphemus." When affoat nothing is seen of this vessel but a high arched back of steel, impervious to artillery. She is provided with a ram and all sorts of destructive submarine appliances. She has no masts, and is driven at creat speed by twin screws.

TWILIGHT steals over the earth like a mournful thought over the soul, and in our serrowful moods, as in the shadows of the evening, we see stars that were before invisible.

It is getting so common now a days for bank presidents to commit suicide, that we have concluded to call in our circulation and quit the business.